Lost in Trancelation

"Rae, it will be fine, I promise," Marie pressured for what felt like the 50th time to Rae.

The soft butch woman didn't want to hear more about it, but the topic always seemed to come back up when she was around her friend in Paris. Rae clutched her head in her hands, stranded on a voice call with her well-meaning friend from her favorite gaming forum. Despite Rae's hectic schedule, every minute of her day being meticulously scheduled, she always found a bit of time to discuss the newest update or the latest collective headcanon.

What she didn't have time for, though, was discussing an impulse trip to Paris to meet Marie.

Rae liked Marie. No, in fact, she loved her. Marie was kind, loving, affectionate – all things Rae liked in a woman – and she was never closed to some nice mutual flirting. It helped that Rae was a top and Marie was a bottom-leaning switch. There was definitely chemistry between them. Rae couldn't deny that. And she couldn't deny that she wanted to meet Marie.

But what would her job think? "Oh, yeah, I decided to book a flight for Paris tomorrow, okay bye!" Rae laughed at the thought. Her boss would probably laugh at first too before realizing she would be serious. And then Rae would be asked to turn her keys and work computer in. No, she couldn't have that. Rae had an excellent job with incredible benefits – in fact, with her insurance, she only had to pay a few hundred dollars for gender affirmation surgery.

She didn't struggle through a hell of a childhood just to get a fancy college degree and an even fancier job at a financial firm. Her family had spent her life holding her to the highest of high standards, and she finally landed a job that made them happy. And her, too. She thought.

"Just two weeks," Marie urged. "You will love Paris."

"I know I will, but—" Rae's protests were cut off quicker than she started talking.

"Besides, you need a break! That job of yours is going to melt your mind in three months, tops, if you don't take some time for yourself."

"I just…" Rae looked down, dropping the controller previously clutched by her hands. "I spent so much of my life working for a job in this field. I went through a grueling college program, during which my parents would *not* get off my fucking back…" Rae and Marie both winced. Rae's parents were a touchy topic for good reason. "I spent every second of every day working to get a career like this. I… it's too soon, Marie. I can't risk everything I've worked for.

And word spreads quickly – if my bosses open their mouths and say a word about me taking an impulsive trip to Paris, it's the end of it for me. You get it now?"

Marie fell silent. Rae sighed again as she realized she pushed back just a bit too hard. Her head began to feel heavy in her hands. Why did Marie have to be this insistent? It wasn't like she didn't have a job of her own – she was a well-respected barista in the coffee making community. Was Marie really going to press this topic for another day? Another week? Another *month*?

Maybe her friend was right, though, and she could use the goddamn time off. It wasn't like she didn't get a generous amount of PTO anyways.

"I'll think about it," Rae said. "I promise. Okay?"

"You promise?" Marie asked in her quintessential pleading voice.

"Yes," Rae resigned as a smile crossed her lips. "I promise."

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Rae threw her black hair behind her, her side shaved hair getting in the way as she strutted through the airport. She had no idea why she was here. All she knew was that the minute she got off her call with Marie a few days ago, she found herself already drafting her vacation request. What was it? She couldn't figure out what was driving it. Maybe it was something Marie said about her mind melting.

That prospect sounded hot. But it would be less hot if it was her boring accounting job doing so.

Rae found a flight for only a few days later, and packed her suitcase full of everything she needed. She was the kind of anxious soul to check more than one time to make sure she had everything, but Rae was meticulous. She got through TSA, boarded the plane, and dozed off to some mindless air TV. All the while, something in the back of her mind screamed for normalcy.

She couldn't figure out why she was doing this. But, her boss liked her, and so he approved her vacation time with ease. It was shocking, even to her. Then again, it wasn't like it was tax season or something like that. Rae realized there wasn't any real reason she should have been quite that stressed.

Rae needed this. She needed to unplug her mind, just for a bit…

Before she knew it, she had dozed off, and within what felt like seconds – she was in the Paris airport. The English she was hearing before was quickly replaced by French. Now. Rae was by no means fluent in French. In fact, she was lucky if she could ever hold a conversation. But Marie did teach her quite a bit, so she could pick out some words – "sortez", you all exit,

“salle de bain”, bathrooms, and restaurant was just “restaurant” pronounced differently. She was sure not going to have a fantastic time with the language barrier, but it wouldn’t be abysmal.

Rae got her luggage easily enough. Then she threw herself into a taxi and showed the address for Marie’s house. Oof. That was pricey, Rae thought as she did a quick calculation from euros to USD. But it wasn’t like it would shatter her wallet.

Within about an hour, the taxi got her there, to a nice little suburb outside of Paris. Rae gulped, and walked up to the door.

She knocked.

Within seconds, Marie showed up through a crack in the door. Marie’s face lit up as she undid the locks excitedly and swung the door open. “Ma amie!” she smiled widely, embracing Rae tightly. “I had no idea you were coming! What a surprise!” Marie spoke with a slight accent, which made complete sense given she was speaking in her second language.

“Yeah, I… took your advice.” Rae chuckled as she put a hand around Marie’s back, slapping it genuinely. “I wanted to keep it a surprise, though.”

“You little tease,” Marie smirked as she invited Rae inside. “Come in, come in! I have tons of room.”

Marie was right. She lived alone, so she had a whole two bedroom apartment to herself. Her previous girlfriend had lived there, but a few months ago – after a messy breakup – she moved out, and Marie was on her own. It was an amicable breakup, but not amicable enough to keep living together. And Marie clearly loved getting to do whatever she wanted with the place. Little knick-knacks and pictures decorated the walls and shelves, along with paintings and framed photos.

Rae set her stuff down in the living room, putting her spare pillow and light blanket on the couch. Marie stopped her. “Oh, come on! I have plenty of room on my bed. It’s a queen sized bed.”

“U-uh,” Rae paused, blinking. “Is that… really okay?”

“Of course! We’re friends, aren’t we?” Marie lightly kissed Rae’s cheek, making her flush red. She forgot that was a part of French culture – kissing friends on the cheek. “Don’t tell me you’ve never slept with a pretty girl before.”

“Uh, how dare you?” Rae challenged playfully. “I have slept with *many* hot ladies, thank you.”

Marie chuckled, heading into the kitchen. Soon enough, she brought out some water and cookies. “Come on, tell me how your flight was! Tell me everything!” Marie’s words flew at a few miles an hour. “And then, I can make reservations for the best bar in town.”

“R-right now?” Rae blinked. “It’s only 4pm, though.”

Marie laughed even louder. “Trust me, once you have this place’s cocktails, you won’t regret it in the slightest.” Before Rae could stress or protest further, Marie pulled out her phone and began dialing the number in. Someone picked up, and Marie placed the reservation – in French, of course, so Rae had no idea what she was saying.

When Marie hung up the phone, she began ushering Rae around. “We’ve got reservations for 5:30pm! Did you bring that cute evening dress I got you?” she asked.

Rae nervously laughed. Sometimes she had no idea quite how to keep up with Marie’s pace. “Y-yeah, it’s my favorite. I don’t usually wear dresses, but I’ll make an exception for that one.” The dress in question was red with bright sequins, showing off the best parts of Rae’s curves. She had a generous amount of curves with a nice bust to match, and the dress complimented her height of 5’5” as well.

“Fantastic!” Marie grinned. “We’re going to have so, so much fun.” She scooted closer to Rae’s body and wrapped an arm around her. Rae froze in place momentarily. “And I bet you 1,000 euros that you’ll pick up a bit of French while here, too.”

“Wouldn’t be surprised,” Rae responded as coolly as she could. “Anyways, let me tell you about the worst couple I sat behind on the plane…”

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After a few drinks, it was like Rae’s anxieties and tensions had vanished into thin air. She was out on the dance floor with Marie, letting all her inhibitions loose and letting herself go completely. Rae wasn’t quite one to get hungover easily, so she let herself have four, five, six drinks before Marie decided to cut her off. Marie didn’t get quite as drunk as Rae, but just enough to have a good time.

Rae felt *good*. Really good. Why did she ever question if this would be a good idea? She enjoyed spending time with Marie, and the drinks here felt much stronger than back in the states. That surprised her, honestly. Rae’s favorite bar back home went all out with the alcohol, so it was hard to believe a bar here could do them one better. Oh well. It didn’t really matter.

Afterwards, they went straight back to Marie’s house, and took the bed together. Rae smiled, thinking about how happy she was that she gave herself a break. The next two weeks were going to be just what she needed. She woke up refreshed, and went to her luggage to pick out a clean outfit.

What she realized soon after she started looking shocked her. She kept her passport and important documents in the sleeve of her luggage, where they would be nice and secure…

And they were nowhere to be found.

“Shit, fuck!” Rae exclaimed, frantically searching her luggage. Where could they have gone? It wasn’t like she could have gotten on the plane without them. Oh, no. She didn’t drop them on the way to Marie’s place, did she? The anxiety she thought she left behind the night before rushed back up to her, and she began nervously throwing everything out of her luggage to try to find everything.

Tears welled up in her eyes. She stopped as Marie approached behind her. “Is everything okay, ma amie?”

“Marie! Thank god, I – I can’t find my passport! I can’t get home without it!” Rae cried out. Marie’s face dropped imperceptibly, and Rae could hardly notice through her panic. “What am I going to do?! I can’t just *not* go home! What – what about my job, and my career? And – and my friends and family!” Rae tacked on that last part as if she had a life outside her career, but it didn’t matter. She needed to find her passport.

Marie clasped her hands around Rae’s waist, making the soft butch stop in her tracks. “Relax, ma amie,” Marie cooed. “It’ll be fine. It can’t have gone far – you’re too precise to just lose something like that.”

Rae’s eyes welled with tears. “I… I’m such an idiot…”

“No, of course you’re not!” Marie protested. “Listen. Americans can stay in the EU for 90 days. We’ll find it in that time—”

“I told my boss I’d be gone for two weeks! Not *three months*!” Rae interjected.

Marie’s thumb stroked Rae’s waist, and Rae felt her thoughts vanish into thin air. As if she didn’t know what she was freaking out about, all of a sudden. Why was she so… malleable? It was like Marie controlled her thoughts – her anxieties – in the palms of her hands. Rae felt a giggle lift up her throat. She couldn’t tell if she was just ticklish, or if it felt *really* good.

“You have your work laptop with you,” Marie reassured. “I’m more than certain your boss would be okay with you working from my place. You even have the messed up sleep cycle to match!”

Rae did giggle at that. Which was even *weirder*. Rae was not one to *giggle.*

“Your passport was lost – just say it was stolen and you’re trapped here, with me. He’ll understand, and sooner or later we’ll get it back and you can go back to normal life.” The way Marie spoke – the steel under her words – made a part of Rae think there was some truth behind Marie’s proposed lie. No. That was crazy. Rae was just making things up in her head. “Your boss will just appreciate the fact you’re working at all. Everything will be fine.”

“It… will?”

“Yes,” Marie’s slight frown turned into a wide grin. “And you’ll have a really, really fun time here… while it lasts.”

Rae pursed her lips, looking at Marie with just the slightest hint of suspicion. She shook her head. Marie would never pull a stunt as sinister as that. She was too kind, too loving, too sincere. All this time she just wanted the best for Rae. Rae felt like she was going crazy, accusing her best friend of stealing her passport.

She just needed to lie down. “Okay. I’ll… send him an email to let him know.”

“Of course you will,” Marie grinned. “But I have an idea, first.”

Rae tilted her head while Marie walked into the other room. She pulled out a pamphlet for… what looked like a library or community center, but Rae couldn’t be quite certain. “The library near here does French for Beginners classes, for people who just moved here.”

Rae lifted an eyebrow. Why did she need Marie to explain more? “So…?”

“You like languages and learning anyways, don’t you? So, why don’t you get some French skills in you, since you might be here for a while?”

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About a week passed, and things were going great in the suburbs of Paris. No, they were going amazingly – much better than Rae expected. She hated to say it, but… losing her passport was the best thing that could have happened. Now that she was here, she wasn’t being called in at every opportunity or barraged with useless coworkers and bafflingly stupid clientele. Not to mention, she had a chance to just kick back and relax. And having Marie by her side made everything so much sweeter.

French lessons were going well, and even better, Rae was picking up small phrases here and there from restaurants, museums, movies, and… just about wherever she went. She always wanted to pick up a second language for real. And now she got to do so – and she was in the country to match, too! Her bilingual friends had always told her that full immersion was the best way to go. And they were right. Even Marie could have actual conversations with Rae in French. It was awesome.

Marie could actually introduce Rae to all of her friends, something she always talked about wanting to do. It was weird, though. Every time Marie would take her to meet her friends, Rae would always find them looking her up and down. Were they checking her out?

Marie was always there to help, though. Every time she’d get conflicted or confused about something like that, Marie would wrap her arm – or arms – around Rae’s torso, and Rae’s thoughts would vanish into thin air.

A few weeks in, Rae's work began to suffer. She'd accidentally write spreadsheets or emails in French, and when asked to correct them, she'd struggle for what felt like way too long. That couldn't be right, though – English was Rae's first language, after all. Why would she be having such a difficult time with it? Not to mention, it became harder and harder to focus. Her nine to ten hour days shortened to five to six hours. After a month in the suburbs of Paris, she was barely working three hours a day. Rae knew her boss was getting pissed. What could Rae do, though? As much as she tried, she couldn't look at her computer screen for more than a couple of minutes without getting a headache.

Thinking in general was too hard, anyways. It was much easier to hang out with Marie and have some fun with her friends. Who cared about work? The only thing she needed was to have a great time in France.

Marie was excellent company too. Rae began to look at her in ways she never thought of. Marie, standing at 5'11", had the perfect body. Curves in all the right places and amazing skin with even better hair. Not to mention, she had a fantastic set of tits and ass to match. Rae caught herself staring and drooling quite a few times. She was certain that Marie noticed too, but Marie never said anything. In fact, she probably loved the attention Rae was showing her.

One day, Marie declared she was going to make a few changes. Rae stopped and asked, "What, like, kind of changes?" She accentuated the question with a giggle. Which was *strange*. Rae never giggled.

"Oh, y'know, I figure I'd take you to my salonist and get your hair done."

"Oh, that's, um, a great idea, Marie!" Rae grinned. "I could, like, definitely use a trim."

When did she start littering her sentences with so many 'like's and 'um's? Rae's head hurt every time she tried to think about the changes she was undergoing. She knew something was wrong. But she couldn't stand to *think* about it. Thinking was too much of a challenge, not to mention it was boring. So as much as she tried and struggled to get a coherent thought out, it was often to no avail.

"Actually," Marie interjected, "I was hoping to give you a new style completely."

"Huh?" Rae blinked.

Marie chuckled, realizing she'd have to explain it to ditzy little Rae. "Why don't I surprise you with a new style? Take away those glasses of yours, and have my cute hair stylist give you a makeover. We can even get you some makeup, too."

Rae giggled again. "Okay! That sounds so fun."

When Marie mentioned this, Rae assumed she meant a longer cut or even a bob or bangs. What she didn't expect was a drastically different hairstyle, done in a ponytail with wide curls, with her hair bleached platinum blond.

“What do you think?” The salonist, Danielle, asked as she swung the mirror in front of Rae’s face.

“It’s like, so totally perfect!” Rae sang. “I can’t believe how much I like it.” A part of Rae’s mind screeched. This was *wrong*. It was too blond, too curly, and not to mention too *femme*. But she couldn’t fight it, in her head or verbally. She just had to go along with what Marie wanted. Rae just wanted to have a good time… right?

“Fantastic,” the stylist smiled. “Come back whenever, before your roots grow in again.”

“Okay, bye!”

And then they went back to Marie’s house, where she said something even weirder.

“Hmm,” Marie looked down at the now-blond Rae as she stood in front of her seated body. “You know, I think you’re standing out a bit too much.”

“Like, huh?” Rae tilted her head. “Is something, like, wrong?”

“Not wrong, but…” Marie pursed her lips. “I think it’s your name.”

“My… name?”

“Yeah,” Marie nodded. “It’s too American. Why not pick a name that’s more French? You’ve noticed the weird looks and invasive questions you’ve gotten, haven’t you?”

Rae put a finger to her chin. All the while she screamed in her head to get out of Marie’s place, hop on the next plane and get back to normal life. But what was normal life, even? Was it being a top-dog in her career, working from sunrise to sunset? Or was it hanging out with her girlfriend (could she even call Marie that, now?), doing nothing but giggling and asking stupid questions?

“I…” Rae clutched her head. “This… this is wrong, isn’t it?” she finally asked. She felt like her mind was splitting in two.

“What could you mean?” Marie asked innocently.

Things began to feel clear to Rae. The giggling. The blond hair. The sudden need to be social and forget all about her work. Looking at Marie’s face, knowing full well her best friend was feigning innocence… Rae understood. This… this wasn’t right. Something wasn’t adding up. She would never have acted like this before leaving – and Rae doubted a two week trip to France would do something like this to her.

Rae realized something. She would never have lost something as important as her passport.

“My… passport,” Rae stammered out. “Did you… like, do something to it?”

Marie's eyes averted nervously. Rae felt herself choke. She couldn't believe she struck the nail on the head with that question. Rae stood up in an instant, trying her best to corner Marie into explaining.

"You… did!" she growled, still only speaking in French. "W-what did you do to it? Why?"

"It's gone," Marie said as calmly as she could. "I'm sorry. It's what I had to do."

Rae collapsed back into her seat. "No… no! Why… how could you do this to me? I-I, like, trusted you!"

Marie walked up to put her arms around Rae's waist. Rae snaked away from the grasp and now felt herself cornered against the wall. "Marie, why would you do this? I… oh god, I need to get back!"

"Don't bother," Marie shrugged. "You're too far gone, anyways. I mean, have you heard yourself speak in English?"

Rae scoffed. She started to speak in English. "Um, of… of course, I, has…"

Her hands grasped over her mouth. She could barely get a complete sentence out in English. It felt like grasping for straws, like the most daunting task she could ever attempt. Not to mention, her accent made her sound nearly incomprehensible.

She couldn't pronounce certain sounds that weren't native to French – things like "h" and "th" sounds felt like gibberish. Certain words that had both French and English spelling? She'd just default to the French and forget how to pronounce the English word – or that there even was an English word. And the vast vocabulary that netted her top scores in English and Writing? Completely gone.

Rae tried her hardest. None of the words she attempted to pronounce would convince a single person she was a native English speaker. As far as anyone besides Rae and Marie were considered, Rae lived in France her whole life and never properly learned English.

Rae shook her head and spoke in French again, not caring in the slightest if that just proved Marie's point. "Why, Marie? How could you do this to me?"

"I mean, can you blame me?" Marie sighed, advancing further onto Rae. "Come on, babe. You were working all the time. All those sleepless nights, the panic attacks, the thinking about work all the time… You couldn't even take a two week vacation. Hell, you couldn't even take a one *day* vacation. Isn't it much more fun to just hang out with me? Getting drunk, having fun, becoming more and more of a brainless bimbo?"

Brainless bimbo.

Rae elected to ignore that. “N-no! This might be your life, but… it’s not my life! I need to work!”

“Please, Elise. Stop.” Before Rae realized Marie had just called her the wrong name, Marie wrapped her arms around her waist. Rae – Elise tried to struggle, but it soon became a futile effort.

“How?” Her eyes filled with tears. “How did you… do this?” Somehow, there must have been a way to reverse it. At least, she desperately hoped.

“When we first went out to get drinks, Elise, I snuck a drug my friend made into your cocktail. She specializes in drugs that change, ah, the personality. She works in pharmaceuticals, so I had her work on one that’d stunt your intelligence – she’s into bimbofication, too – and would also make you feel really giggly and silly. Doesn’t it feel better, though?”

Rae – no, Elise – no, Rae – gagged. “You… drugged me?”

“Add in that and a few hypnosis sessions while you were falling asleep, and voila! A stupid ditzy bimbo who can barely speak English if she tries and can’t do anything other than party and giggle. I mean, have you looked at yourself in a mirror?” Marie’s frown turned into a smirk and became increasingly more twisted with every word. She was right, of course – not only was Elise’s previously black hair now platinum blond, her wardrobe had also completely changed. Her makeup – she wore *makeup* now – was pink and purple with bright red lipstick. Her outfits were all skimpy and pink, revealing the best parts of her body. And Elise, now, would never be caught wearing any kind of suit or formal wear.

The look in her eyes became manic, widening more and more as she described the terrible things she did to Elise’s mind. “Elise. That’s a perfect name for you. It’s essentially the most bimbo name you can get in Paris.”

“My… my name is–” she started to protest, but Marie quickly shut it down.

“Elise. Your name is Elise, of course.” Marie stared into Elise’s glossy eyes, the last adamant spark in them dying as she became more and more enthralled with her new life. “Come on. Your name is Elise, it always has been. Just like you’ll always be a perfect bimbo doll.”

“No… it’s…” Elise tried to remember, but her last name slowly faded away from her. What was it, again? No, she – she couldn’t forget her own damn name!

“Elise. Say it.”

“...It’s… Elise,” she blinked her vapid eyes shut. The bright sparkle in her eyes died. She was a dumb, ditzy bimbo who could only speak and party in French. “Elise… it’s… my name is… Elise.”

Elise shook her head. Thinking felt harder than ever – just forming a simple thought felt like her head was splitting open.

“See? There you go! So much better now. So much happier. You don’t have to worry about your high-end career or strict bosses anymore. In fact, I’ve already drafted your two week’s notice for you. Since, y’know, you can’t write in English anymore,” Marie spoke with a genuine smile. How could she be so sure this was the right thing? Elise didn’t know anymore. She didn’t know anything, after all.

“I love you, Elise,” Marie admitted. “I’ve loved you for a long time. Okay? So all you have to do is be all happy, giggly, relaxed, and… loved.”

Elise giggled again. All she could do was giggle. “I, like, love you too, Marie! You’re soooo cute and hot.”

“You don’t want to return to the states. You can’t, even – who would believe you were ever an American citizen? There’s no way you’re getting your passport back, ever. Hell, I even forged documents for you.”

“Forged… documents?” Elise asked. She had no idea what that meant.

Marie nodded, trying to hide the wicked smirk. “Yep. I asked you to sign something and you went ahead and did it without even asking a single question, you silly bimbo.”

Elise’s head felt heavy. She had no idea what that meant. She was too far gone, too stupid for that. Elise didn’t even remember signing anything, not to mention something as important as a citizenship document. Marie tricked her – and she just went along with it.

“But… like… don’t I have to work?” Elise stammered out, a blank smile crossing her lips. Working felt so boring. She didn’t have to, did she?

“Oh, yeah, but you won’t be working in accounting or whatever you were doing,” Marie wrapped her arms tighter around Elise’s hips. “I can get you a job as a barista at the best cafe in town. You sure have the smarts to match it.”

“Oh, yeah!” Elise giggled for what felt like the millionth time. “That’s sooooo nice of you, Marie. I can’t believe you think I’m smart!” Deep down, Elise knew that it wasn’t a compliment. But she didn’t care.

“Of course I do,” Marie lied. “You’re sure smart, in a way… but more importantly, you’re cute and ditzy. It’s going to be hard to keep my hands off your body, isn’t it?”

Just as Marie said, it was. Her hands began sliding up and down Elise’s body, and within seconds she locked Elise into a tight kiss. They began making out, their mouths feeling hot and wet as Marie pushed Elise’s body further into a wall. In the back of her mind, Elise swore she

might have been a top or even a Domme at one point. Nah, that was ridiculous. Just another silly, useless thought.

She had no need for any more silly thoughts anymore. Elise knew she was going to love being Marie's dumb, smiley, ditzy idiot.

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Elise, of course, got the job at the cafe easily. With Marie's connections, there was no question about whether or not she would. Elise didn't quite understand some of the directions – nor did she understand why her coworkers would sometimes laugh when she'd talk? But all things considered, she was doing quite well for herself. The bimbofied Elise got the hang of being a barista after some slow demonstrations and gentle instruction from her manager. Soon enough, it felt like she was meant to do this her whole life. She couldn't even remember doing anything else.

One day, though, something strange happened. Some folks came through the door, and just as Elise greeted them, they started speaking in a language she didn't quite understand. No… she knew, they were speaking English, right? She couldn't quite make out what they were saying though.

"Rae, is that you?" One of the three girls asked. "We've been worried sick about you! What are you doing here?"

"Um… do I… know… you?" Elise asked in the best English she could muster, with way too much difficulty. Gosh, that was way too much thinking for her tiny little brain. Thinking in French was hard enough, but trying to pronounce th's and h's and saying a coherent sentence? That was nearly impossible.

"O-of course you do! We're your friends, right? Don't you remember us?" Another one pleaded with her, trying to get through her now thick skull.

"I…" Elise shook her head. Who was Rae? She couldn't recall knowing anyone by that name. "S-sorry, I don't think I know."

"Is everything okay?" Her manager came on over behind her, placing a hand on Elise's waist. All her worrying once again vanished completely. Luckily, her manager knew English, and tried to reason with them. "I'm sorry, but you must be mistaken. This is Elise, one of our best bartenders."

The group of three all looked to each other, their faces becoming more crestfallen. Who were they? How had they found Elise? She couldn't quite understand the details, but soon enough, the group resigned and left. Without buying anything, of course.

"That was, like, weird," Elise blinked. Within seconds, she completely forgot about the encounter, and went back to being a happy-go-lucky dumb bimbo in Paris.